THE

HISTORY

OF THE

Life & Martyrdom

OF

S^t. GEORGE,

THE

Titular Patron of England:

With his Converſion of *Arabia* by killing of a dreadful Dragon, and delivering the Kings Daughter.

By THOMAS LOWICK, Gent.

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ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

TO THE

KINGS

Most Excellent Majesty.

Dread Soveraign,

I Have read so many lying Books set forth
*Of great St.*George *wch much obscur'd his worth,*
That much I mus'd and grieved for to see
None of the sharers in the Daphnean Tree,
For King, for Patron, and for Countries sake,
Did such a glorious Subject undertake:
And their neglect only made me so bold,
Though aged now eighty and two years old,
with my old withered Hand to write upon
The noblest Subject that the world hath one,
And have with all Sincerity set down,
*St.*George *his Martial deeds and Martyrdom:*

 Vouch-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Vouchsafe then gratious Monarch for to take
This little Poem for your Patrons sake:
For in my judgement never English *King*
Had greater cause than You, to honour Him:
Heroick force and Martial form withal,
Twixt King and Patron were collateral,
And that bright Orb where Mars *is stellified,*
Did equal influence 'twixt you both divide:
And your great daring both as boundless were
As that bold youth's, Apollo's *Charioteer:*
Be pleased then earths greatest Martial King,
To hear your Vassal on your Patron sing,
And do vouchsafe him your propitious eyes,
He perisheth unless you Patronize.

July 6. 1664.

Your Majesties most
Humble Subject,

THOMAS LOWICK.

THE
Life & Martyrdom
OF
S^t. GEORGE.

ST. *George*, the Patron of our English men,
Was the Descendent of a Knightly stem,
Great Arms professors, and to their great *fame*,
Professors all of Jesus Christ his *Name*.
His Father Sir *Patritius* was train'd
In *Cæsars* Wars, and Martial honour gain'd:
Where venturing for the conquest of the Field,
He dyed renown'd, under his sword and Shield;
Leaving St. *George*, who was his only Son,
For to inherit great Possessions young;
Which he committing to a Stewards care,
Left *Cappadocia* his birth honour'd Air;

And with his Mother liv'd in *Paleſtine*,
Where he was School'd in rudiments Divine,
Till ſtealing Time and Nature lent to him
More force then *Hectors* in Armes managing;
And as compleat a beauty fix'd thereon,
As had the Scriptures much-prais'd *Abſolon*;
Nor wanted in his fair external frame,
Thoſe moral gifts ſhould dignifie the ſame:
Both Wit and Valour in his beauteous ſhape,
In ſuch large meaſure did predominate,
That he was natures Manuſcript indeed,
Where her prerogatives the world might read:
And leſt he ſhould ſiniſterly incline,
God ſtor'd his boſom with ſuch gifts Divine,
That not ſo fair a type of Chriſt was then,
As great St. *George*, amongſt the ſons of men;
And he imbelliſh'd, thus himſelf addreſt,
For Martial ſervice in true honours queſt;
For which being come unto the Court of *Rome*,
Great *Cæſar* noting his indowments ſoon,
Mov'd with his Fathers death and Martial force,
He made St. *George* the General of his Horſe;
Where like a prodigal of life did he,
Supply that place ſo magnanimouſly,
That never *Rome* in all her ſwelling pride
Saw her bold ſons led by a braver Guide;

Nor

Nor one that boldlier led the Imperial Horſe
Through their proud foes with more robuſtous force,
He charg'd them through, and charg'd them back again,
And brought his Troops where firſt he placed them,
And ceas'd not charging till the foes all were
Diſpers'd, and run like ſcatter'd Herds of Deer;
Yet never Trumpet his bold Conqueſt ſounded,
Before the lifting of his ſlain and wounded;
Whom he ſtill with ſad ſighs and watry eyes,
Would ſee born back to honour'd obſequies;
That his brave actions from conjunction move
Of Martial fire, and fire of ſacred love.
He courts the bold *Bellona* with his Horſe,
And ſnatch'd her favours with ſuch ſtrenuous force,
That the Iron Goddeſs did enamoured grow,
And her coy favours on this Champion throw;
And *Mars* look'd envious from his fiery ſtar,
To ſee his great Competitor in War,
And jealous to ſee his *Bellona* court him,
Whilſt he in field ſo Martially did ſport him,
That his appearance 'mongſt his foes was fear'd,
Like to the blazing of a Comets beard;
None was ſo bold to tempt an angry fate,
Or buy his honour at ſo dear a rate,
As to encounter this Knight hand to hand,
But ſpelded duty on the groaning land:

And those Commanders which through proud disdain,
Loath'd for to hear the swelling of his fame,
And spur'd with glory thirst in fears despight,
Would needs buy honours of this valiant Knight,
He sent as Nuncioes to black *Acheron*,
To tell th' exploits the Red-cross Knight had done;
And bid those Ghosts their sulpherous vaults to cleanse,
For those proud guests St. *George* would send from thence;
And those which scape with life his swords incision,
And captives laid in Provost Martials prison,
Had rather live there then again go feel,
The ponderous blows of his remorseless steel:
In brief, his great exploits and Martial glory,
Fill'd all th' *Italian* Confines with his story;
For great St. *George* had never Paragon,
But that immortal Champion which St. *John*
Rev. 6. 2. Saw riding on the white Horse from Heavens gates,
With power to conquer earths proud Potentates;
Yet his sweet candor during all the War,
Made many others seem canicular;
For all the darts and swords in *Vulcans* forge,
Like tender pitty pierc'd not princely *George*.
That little child Christ let the Apostles see,
To teach them meekness, was lesse meek then he;
Whose actions like learn'd Lectures taught the rude,
That love is still betroath'd to fortitude.

How

How then learn'd *Homer* didst thou so digress,
To stile thy stormy *Grecian* valorous?
The valiant should be like that God and man,
Which *David* Lion, *Esaiah* called Lamb:
So was St. *George*, who ne're did intersect
A torvous look within his mild aspect;
He never was dejected nor elate,
With *Protean* changes of unconstant fate;
Nor did he ever vulgar Plaudit seek,
Vain glorious breath did never swell his cheek.
But my rude laudes injure his vertues glory,
Therefore I leave them and relate his story.
Whilst he and his Comrades enlarge the lands
Of their great *Cæsar* with successful hands,
Came an Embassage from th' *Arabian* coast,
And thus annunciates to that famous hoast:
You *Mars* starr'd children of victorious *Rome*,
Commanded by th' *Arabian* King I come
To *Romes* great Monarch, at whose feet do bow
The greatest Potentates on earth below,
His aid and best assistance to request,
Against a Monster doth our Land infest;
Whose dreadful sight, unto the eyes of man,
Exceeds the terror of *Leviathan*;
And for the vastness of his size doth pass,
That monstrous Horse the *Grecians* made of brass,

And by his entrails works us more annoy,
Then the dissolving of that Horse, did *Troy*;
This Monster hath affixed wings and fins,
And flies through Air, and through the water swims,
And from his entrails he exhaleth breath,
Which doth depopulate each place with death;
Nor will our Gods or Priests give their consent,
We by removal scape this punishment;
For *Jove*, (as all our Priests affirm) did bring,
This Monster for to vindicate our sin;
And therefore do we offer every day,
A Maid of noble linage for his prey;
By *Joves* decree, whose Priest expressly saith,
Those Virgins blood must expiate his wrath;
And having had *Joves* preordained number,
The monster will no more our Land incumber.
But at the last their Sacriledge did bring,
Unto that fate, the daughter of our King;
Who for her birth sake hath by *Joves* consent,
An hundred dayes to her in respite lent;
But then as an Oblation must be ty'd,
Unto a Pillar neer the Cities side;
Upon the margent of a Lake profound,
Which doth circumplicate an Orb of ground,
Wherein this ugly Dragon hath his Den,
Within the concave of a loathsom Fen;

From

From whence he cometh to the Town each day,
To fetch the Virgin his oblated prey;
Which if he find not at the pillar plac'd,
His peſt and ravine doth our City waſte.
Now therefore *Romans* unto you I came,
Becauſe to us it is divulg'd by fame,
Here is a God call'd Jeſus Chriſt, whoſe power
Surpaſſeth all the gods that we adore,
And that his ſervants far more potent are,
Then *Mars*, *Apollo*, or great *Jupiter*;
If therefore that great God would ſome deſign,
And him invertue with his power Divine,
To kill this Dragon, and ſet free our Land,
His Altars ſhould in all our Temples ſtand;
And that ſame Champion ſo ſelect by him,
Shall have great honours from th' *Arabian* King.
Which words did make that canvaſs builded City
Much moved, both with wonder and with pitty:
But not a tongue durſt ſpeak of Jeſus Name,
Leſt his bold words to *Cæſars* hearing came,
Until St. *George* whoſe never daunted breſt,
Much longing to divulge the power of Chriſt,
Replied, *Arabian*, loe I am the man,
Which dare encounter that *Leviathan*,
And ſhall thereby diſcriminate the odds,
'Twixt Jeſus Chriſt and your deluding gods;

For

For if I do not Heavens decrees misconster,
I am design'd the ruin of that Monster;
And hope my Imperial Lord will lend to me
Some certain time to set that Princess free;
And if I do survive, I vow my hands,
Shall expeditiously wait his commands:
But by these words the Emperor did find,
His General was to Christian Faith inclin'd,
And vexed said, Let the mad Christian go,
I cannot match him with a fitter foe;
But then the *Arabian* said, Brave Champion, know,
It is not your hand nor a thousand moe,
Can conquer him; Christ must his Champion save,
Or the great Dragons guts must be his grave:
But yet this fearless Knight himself addrest
Unto *Arabia* on this famous quest,
And came at last conducted by his Guide,
Unto *Berytus* their chief Cities side,
Upon whose Walls the Citizens appear,
In sable Robes to shew their mournful cheer;
Expecting, now this being the latest day,
To see the Dragon fetch his Royal prey.

But as they gaz'd, behold this Christian Knight,
Approached neer upon a Courser bright;
On whose white back reflective Sun-beams shine,
From his guilt Armor like some light Divine,

Making

Ma ing th' amazed gazers to ſuppoſe,
Some glory did both man and horſe incloſe;
And others which were more idolatrous,
Thought him their day-god on his *Pegaſus*:
But ſurely of this Knight ſpoke *David* then,
That God from Angels ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd men;
For he appeared in as glorious ſhow,
As that arm'd Angel came to *Jerico*;
For never Knight in combat liſt, but he,
Appeared with ſuch God-like Majeſty;
Nor of our Engliſh or Barbarian breed,
Could ever Horſe compare with his white Steed;
So that all circling *Titan* ne're lent light
Unto ſo brave or ſo well-mounted Knight.
But as St. *George* rode thus in Martial guiſe,
Loe his fair eye as fair an Object ſpies;
For here alas, the Kings ſole Daughter ſtands,
Ty'd to a Pillar by her dainty hands:
This being th' appointed day, her woful fate,
The Prieſts of *Jove* would not procraſtinate;
So there ſhe ſtood, and like an Angel ſhone,
In pureſt lawns, fret o're with gold and ſtone,
Which ſcarce her boſoms candor could conceal,
It gave ſuch luſter through that ſlender vail;
Her dangling treſſes ſtrove her face to hide,
Scorning to proſtitute rich natures pride;

Or leſt ſome eyes, gazing on her fair cheek,
Should loſe themſelves, and have their light to ſeek;
For ſhe all Ladies did ſurpaſs as far
As orbed *Cynthia* doth the dimmeſt ſtar;
And nature had expreſt in her ſuch power,
As ſhe ne're daind to ſhew the world before;
For ſince th'alternate courſe of nights and dayes,
Shone never Lady with ſuch ſideral blaze;
And ſure her pitteous looks were then ſo ſweet,
As had made Tygers proſtrate at her feet;
Or calm'd the Dragon with her eyes ſweet glance,
Without th'aſſiſtance of St. *George* his Lance;
But as ſhe raiſed her dejected eyes,
St. *George* the ſtar of Knighthood ſhe eſpies,
Who after congeant tender of his duty,
To her the Phenix of all mortal beauty,
Said, Royal Princeſs, I am a Chriſtian Knight,
Which with this dreadful Dragon came to fight;
Drawn hither from th'*Italian* Wars with pitty,
Of your diſtreſs, and this abuſed City;
And am reſolv'd to win your liberty,
Or have precedence in your Tragedy.

Brave Knight, ſaid ſhe again, return again,
I prize thy love, but thy attempt is vain:
Hadſt thou the cloud-ſupporting *Atlas* power,
Or wert ſublime and ſtrong as *Babels* Tower,

The ſuffocation of this Dragons breath,
Would leave thee inclos'd in the cold arms of death;
For *Jove* himſelf did this great Monſter bring;
Thou doſt oppoſe our gods oppoſing him:
What honour then bold Knight canſt thou attain,
To caſt thy ſelf away for glory vain?
Or what avails it now proud *Phaeton*,
That he rid in the chariot of the Sun?
Do not therefore ſuch daring actions follow;
Take councel, and be not thy own *Apollo*.

To whom the valiant Knight reply'd again,
Fair Princeſs, you do much miſtake my aim;
My youth's not heated with vain glorious fire,
Nor your rare beauties, which all elſe admire;
I came not hither on ſuch vain pretence,
My miſſion is of greater conſequence;
The finger of the Chriſtian God points me
To overthrow your vain idolatry;
This Monſter here was meerly bred by kind,
Nor was he hither ſent by *Jove* aſſign'd;
Though *Jove* would now the King tempt to ſuch evil,
As offering his fair Daughter to the Devil;
For truſt me Madam, thoſe you gods do call,
Are manufacts and things inanimal,
Wherein the damned ſpirits augurize,
To make the ſimple give them ſacrifice;

Yet know not thoſe damn'd Angels things to come,
Nor have they preſcience of the Almightties doom;
But intermix conjectural truths with lyes,
Which proves they are but Devils, not Deities:
But Jeſus Chriſt torments thoſe gods of yours,
Which are but damned ſubterranean powers,
With dateleſs pains; Nor could they move from thence,
But by the leave of his Omnipotence:
Be happy then, and expiate Gods wrath,
By your converſion to the Chriſtian Faith;
And doubt not but he will invertue me,
In ſpight of all thoſe Devils to ſet you free.
Renowned Chriſtian, ſaid this Royal Maid,
But contrite ſighs a ſpace her ſpeeches ſtayd;
And then with tear-imbalmed words ſaid She,
Brave Knight, thy ſpeech ſo conſolateth me,
That ſure ſome great and ſecret power Divine,
Involved in this verbal Air of thine,
Exhaleth thoſe groſs errors which of late
Did my dark ſoul ſo much obnubilate;
For loe me thinks our vain idolatry
Appeareth in ſuch ſordid nudity,
That all verſutious idols now I hate,
And unto Chriſt my ſervice conſecrate:
Which verbal Air of hers more grateful came
Then odours from the Phenix funeral flames.

And

And like an Incenſe-offering did preſent
It ſelf unto the great Almighties ſcent;
It pleaſed God, and comforted this Knight,
As *Manna* did the ſtarved *Abramite*;
But loe from mural Towers adjacent neer,
Much people which their conference did hear,
And ſubinvited by celeſtial grace,
Reſolv'd the Faith of Jeſus to embrace;
To which effect a Meſſenger was ſent,
To internunciate thus the Kings intent:
Bold Chriſtian Knight, if that thy God ſet free
This woful Lady by thy Victory,
We will renounce our gods, and Chriſt agnize,
The indubitable Regent of the skies:
Which Meſſage to St. *George* did comfort bring;
As *Samuel* to *Saul* annointing him;
Or, as that Angel which to *Abraham* came,
And held his ſword when *Iſaac* ſhould be ſlain;
And made Heavens joyful Angels ſing ſweet notes,
To hear the Conſort of ſuch heavenly votes;
No wonder ſeeing its the Goſpels voice,
All Angels at one Convertite rejoyce:
And now St. *George* confided he was ſent
On this exploit by Heavens atturnament;
And his moſt ſacred Zeal thoſe ſouls to win,
Like *Sampſons* locks invigorateth him,

Making

Making his valiant heart ſo hate delay,
That thus he objurgates the Dragons ſtay;
When lands the Dragon on this Lakes broad marge,
I muſt go make my barded Steed my Barge;
And rouze him in his Water fenced Fen,
Within the cavern of his loathſom Den:
But as he ſpoke, luctiferous noiſes riſe
From off the Walls, like *Iriſh* Funeral cryes;
For they behold, though to behold they fear,
The Dragons head, and flaming eyes appear:
It ſeems the genius of *Berytus* City
Had rous'd the Monſter out of ſacred pitty,
To expedite his death, and vilifie
Th'inſhrined *Jupiters* falſe Propheſie;
For loe the Dragon longing for his prey,
Through the broad Lake cuts out his froathy way,
Driving before him billows to the ſide,
Like Aquilonian ſtorms, or New-moon tyde,
That by the fluctuous Lake St. *George* doth know
The monſtrous ſize of his approaching foe;
Yet boldly without fear he took his ſtand
In moſt commodious place of all the Land;
From whence he met him with ſuch fierce careir,
He quite tranſpierc'd him with his fatal Spear;
Whilſt on his ſcaly breaſt his Horſes knees
Beat like a ram compos'd of Oaken trees,

And

And turn'd him o're with ſuch impetuous might,
That *Tellus* boſom trembled with his weight;
But yet it ſeemed that his conquering Lance
Had miſs'd his heart by ſome ſiniſter chance;
For loe the Dragon recollecting force,
With furious charge encounters man and horſe;
And now the Monſter, and this Chriſtian Knight,
For the ſurviverſhip ſo fiercely fight,
That never was encounters like to theſe,
Since Hells great porter fought with *Hercules*;
And ſure the Knight had dyed, but heavenly power
Subſiſted him in this robuſtous ſtowre:
It ſeems th'Almighty was diſpoſed then,
By ruin of the Dragon of this Fen,
Th'Archangels conqueſt to configurate,
Againſt the Dragon of the Stygean Lake;
For loe St. *George* in heat of Martial pride,
With deadly wounds doth carve his ſcaly hide,
And with a ponderous blow nigh cleft his brain,
Which did ſubvert him on the ſandy Plain;
Wherewith he cry'd, that his loud yells did enter
Through all the concaves of earths vaulted center;
Making all *Tellus* boſom dance for joy,
To ſee her ſelf freed from ſo great annoy;
Or elſe may be th'Avernal Potentate,
Leaving the Dragon he poſſeſs'd of late,

Expanded now his passage to Hells strand,
And caus'd that tremefaction of the Land;
But howsoe're it was our conquering Knight,
Dreadless of Devil or Dragon, plyes the fight;
And at the last with his sharp piercing blade,
Unto his heart so wide a passage made,
That from his bulk run torrents of such gore,
As nigrified the black Lake more and more;
And cutting off his Head, did it advance,
Against the Walls upon his Oaken Lance;
Then joyfully that Princess hands unties,
And to *Berytus* led his beauteous prize:
Thus like those twins of light the Sun and Moon,
Their darksom clouds of danger over-blown,
With tedious fixure they retain each eye,
T' admire their beauties intersplendency;
But as they progress to the Palace gate,
The King did meet them in all pompous state,
With all his Lords and Peeres of chiefest ranks,
To tender both their welcom and their thanks;
And to the Palace did conduct their guest,
Where his great entertainment was expresst
With all the delicates that could be wish'd
By the most Epicureal Palatist;
And with all curious shows they could devise
To make the Court a type of Paradise;

For

For all the Court in plenitude expreſt
Their joyes to that freed Princeſs and her gueſt;
In which great Jubile they take content,
Like two freed ſouls from the dark Limbus ſent,
T' *Elyſian* joyes; but worldly honours weights,
With their Auxilaries the Courts delights,
Like armed ſquadrons did attempt by force
St. *George* his love from Jeſus to divorce;
But being indorsed with ſuch burthens then,
And knowing the proclivity of men,
Like wiſe *Ulyſſes* inſtantly he parted
From amorous *Myrmaids* which his courſe diverted;
And in that great and ſpatious Palace Hall
St. *George* did convocate the Princes all,
And with Angelick eloquence expreſt,
The life and Miracles of Jeſus Chriſt,
Connecting by ſuch learn'd Theologie,
To their effect each ſacred Propheſie,
That all Prophetick Scriptures did appear
Compleat in Chriſt which in the Bibles were;
By which great Majeſty of ſacred Writ,
All did the indenegable truth admit;
And throwing all their Idols in the flame,
With general Jubile confeſt Chriſts Name,
And promis'd to erect magnificent
And ſumptuous Temples to th' Omnipotent;

For whoſe Converſion did St. *George* aſſign
The thank and glory to the grace Divine;
And now his Voyage he intends again,
To *Cæſars* Tents to glorifie Chriſts Name;
For whoſe departure, both the King and Queen,
With all the Court, in ſable Robes were ſeen;
For never Knight ſuch cordial intereſt gain'd
In a whole Cities love, ſince earth was fram'd;
Yet he Apoſtle-like all gifts denyed,
Wherewith the bounteous King him gratified,
Except the Idols melted gold, the King
Did there compulſively confer on him,
Which as a Monument he did tranſport,
To witneſs his exploits in *Cæſars* Court,
And then was reconducted with a Train
Of honour'd perſons to the ſhore again;
Where, after many valedictions paſt,
His canvas winged Ship he boards at laſt;
Whilſt Heavens commanded *Neptune* as he paſſes,
Makes ſmooth his proſperous way with looking-glaſſes;
And *Cynthia* came to viſit him by night,
And court his favours with full orbed light;
But doubtful he ſhould ſuch a Lady ſcorn,
As he ſhould find behind a buſh of thorn:
Inexorable *Æolus* likewiſe
Did tender his unconſtant courteſies;

And

And for his convoy ſent a proſperous gale,
Which to the ſhore brought ſafe his ſwelling ſail;
Where being landed with *Berytians* ſent,
For to conduct him to great *Cæſars* Tent,
And in his preſence there to teſtifie,
His Champions great exploit and valiancie;
Making the Emperor take a great delight,
To hear the bold deportment of his Knight,
And by his abſence now they underſtand,
How much depended on his powerful hand;
Who ſtriving to reſpond their great expects,
No glorious opportunities neglects:
But when his Troops lie vacant, ſendeth forth
Some Trumpeter, 'mongſt men of Martial worth,
To ſee if any in baſe fears deſpight,
Durſt venture combat with this valiant Knight;
And if his ſervice be in open War,
He ſtill doth charge where greateſt perils are,
And with a ſtrenuous hand his paſſage ſtrows
With his proud glory thirſting plumed foes;
And *Cæſar* joy'd to ſee his General lead
So War God-like to the Battalians head;
But whilſt Fame, Fortune, and *Bellona* too,
Their ſtock of favours on this Champion throw,
This Heaven-dear Knight begun to vilepend,
Thoſe duſty honors do on *Mars* attend,

And only aimed at the true renown,
Which is annexed to the Martyrs crown;
And seeing the times for Martyrdom were fit,
Snatch'd at th' occasion for to purchase it;
The manner how my Muse shall here impart,
Though much I fear to injure his desart;
Therefore good Angel Guardian guide my Pen,
For I suppose thou wert spectator then;
1 Cor 4.9 For if St. *Paul* told the *Corinthians* true,
In our funerings for Christ, we are made spectacles to the world and to Angels. You heavenly Spirits do our Passions view;
Assist me therefore in this pretious charge,
To tell each needful circumstance at large.
When *Romes* proud Diocletian stood possess'd
Of all between the Orient and the West,
That *Titan* scarce in all his annual toyl,
Could rise or set but on this Monarchs soyl;
And was so fortunate, his Ensigns sight,
Like *Gideons* lanthorns put all foes to flight;
Which great success and prosperous Martial thrift,
He did ascribe unto *Apollo's* gift;
And therefore in requital of the same,
Did a most sumptuous sacrifice ordain;
On which was every man charg'd to attend,
That would be counted for great *Cæsars* Friend;
So that there came a greater multitude,
Then all *Apollo's* Temple could include:

But

But lo the crying Priest in vain doth call,
Apollo would not augurate at all,
And their god *Beryth* in a deep disdain
Would for no sacrifice divine to them;
But said, If *Cæsar* will have us his Friends,
By whom his Empire now so far extends,
He must permit no Christians here to live,
And then we will our divinations give;
Enough said *Cæsar*, Ile remove th' offence
Which causeth this their wrathful conticence,
Which to effect he doth a Council file,
The Christians from his Empire to exile;
Yet in the mean time fill'd his Jayles with them,
Releasing Theeves and Homicides again;
This was the tenth and greatest persecution,
This Tyrant rais'd for Christian bloods effusion;
In which, as *Roman* Histories explain,
Twelve thousand Martyrs did their crowns obtain;
And let me to our Patrons honour say,
He was the chief which led that glorious way;
Nor were of those twelve thousand Martyrs any,
Whose tortures were like his, so great or many;
And now the *Roman* Peers in solemn state,
Did all unto that Council congregate,
'Mongst whom as Umpire sate that awful man,
The worlds great Monarch *Diocletian*,

In-

In purple Robes, imboſt with gold and ſtone,
Upon a glorious high ſupported Throne;
About the which at diſtance circular,
Did ſtand his choiceſt armed guards of War;
That 'mongſt the great and dreadful ſons of men,
What ſaw great *Titan* like *Romes* Monarch then?
But theſe great props of awe, which did affright
All weaker ſpirits, more inflam'd our Knight;
For loe St. *George* diſpoſing goods and Lands,
Which were exceeding great in Chriſtian alms,
Did boldly enter 'mongſt thoſe Princes all,
Which were convented in that Council-Hall;
And like a valiant Chriſtian arm'd with Zeal,
Did thus ſolicit for the Churches Weal:
You noble *Romans* which were wont to make,
So many good Laws for your Countries ſake,
What fury thus infaſcinateth you
Here to conſult the Chriſtians overthrow,
Seeing your ſelves deſigned are to be
The chief ſupport of Chriſtianity?
For *Eſaiah*, Heavens great Prophet now long ſince,
Foretelling of the Churches eminence,
Doth ſay, Her chiefeſt power and ſtrength ſhould ſtand
Amidſt the glory of the *Gentiles* Land;
And where's the *Gentiles* glory now, but *Rome*,
Where *Jews* and *Gentiles* both with Tribute come?

Which

Which Christ's Apostle *Paul* confirmeth true,
When writing his Epistle unto you,
First *Romans*, I give thanks for you, he saith,
Which through the world first published your Faith;
Then publish still that Faith, renowned Prince,
Which heavens Omniscience hath foretold long since,
Shall here be glorious, for it is not good
T' incur Gods wrath by spilling Christian blood:
At which bold words the Princes sitting by,
Were all possessed with stupidity;
And on the Emperor fix'd their silent eyes,
Expecting from him strange and rough replies;
But in respect St. *George* his noble parts
Had gain'd great interest in the *Roman* hearts,
Cæsar connived that more patience
Might gain his Tyranny more just pretence;
And therefore to *Magnentius* his chief Friend,
Did give a kind of notice with his hand,
That in his place he should apologate
To that displicient speech St. *George* did make;
Wherefore *Magnentius* tokening him to come
To neerer distance, thus his speech begun:
Bold Christian Knight, declare to us from whence
Proceedeth this unheard of insolence!
What vile seditious Author prompts thy tongue,
To thy own ruin, and great *Cæsars* wrong?

No

No other Author but the Truth, said he,
I am prompted by the eternal Verity;
What is the Truth? *Magnentius* said again;
Jesus, said He, which on the Cross was slain;
And to give witness of his power and glory,
I hither came to this great Consistory;
Which bold confession did that Council make,
In various manners intermurmurate,
Till silence being call'd, the Emperor burst
From that deep muse, wherein he long was tos'd,
Through agitations of his vexed soul,
And Dragon like did his fierce eye-balls rowl
From head to foot of that unwelcom Knight,
And thus bespoke him with indignant spight;
Vile Wretch, what Star predominates in thee,
And draws thee on this timeless destiny?
Dost thou in bloody tortures take content,
That thou oppos'st our great Parliament?
What makes thee like a silly Fly, in vain
Thus boldly dally with so dangerous flame?
If thou dost think it after death some pleasure,
To say thou once affrontedst *Roman Cæsar*;
Ile send thee ere thy bones be cold, to tell
The power of *Cæsar* to the powers of Hell;
Yet for thy valours sake thou shalt not say,
But that thy self didst cast thy self away;

This

This distance still remains 'twixt thee and death,
If thou wilt yet revoke thy lavish breath,
And be converted to our gods and faith,
An act of our Oblivion quits our wrath,
Or else, what tortures deaths black shop can lend,
Shall all concur unto thy wretched end.
I am sorry, gracious Prince, the Saint reply'd,
Your love is to such strict conditions ty'd;
Might it be purchas'd as that golden Fleece
Was from the watchful Dragon brought to *Greece*,
Or to obtain it, had but *Cæsar* bid
Me do those labours great *Alcides* did,
I had been pres'd; but to adore a Devil
Instead of Jesus, I abhor that evil;
I will not blot my soul for the worlds gain
With such a foul indefricable stain;
And much I muse, great Majesty, that you
To whom all knees 'twixt East and West do bow,
Can deign to undergo such vile abjection,
As tendring to a Devil your genuflection;
O cease from hence, greeat Emperor, to prophane
Your far commanding tongue with that loath'd Name
Of god *Apollo*; honour Christ alone,
And all contentments shall attend your Throne.
Too much, too much, cry'd *Cæsar*, we have heard,
And with redoubled clamours cal'd the Guard;

Whose bloody haste, his hasty words out-run,
As bullets do the loud report of Gun,
And with such raptive rage did snatch him thence,
As to the Tyrant gave great complacence,
And then include him in a dampish grate,
Whose noysom vapours well-nigh suffocate,
A place where never any yet drew breath,
But Homicides, and men design'd for death;
There laid they him supinate on the ground,
His hands and feet in fetters strongly bound,
Placing a pondrous stone upon his breast,
Which many Christian souls had dispossess'd
Of earthly cages, who in joyes Divine,
Adorn'd with glorious Martyrs crowns now shine;
And in that Dens profundity alone,
St. *George* with joy doth now embrace that stone,
And with continual laudes and hymns expresst
His most indissoluble love to Christ;
And *Cæsar* now the second day repairs
To reconsult upon his great affairs,
Where his chief Lords with great circumfluence
In Council-Hall surround their awful Prince,
Who scarcely can propound his vile decree,
Ere his obsequious Lords do all agree;
And having for some certain hours debated
Their horrid acts which great *Jehovah* hated,

Cæsar

Cæsar sent one to know what sad distress,
St. *George* endur'd under his massy Press;
For he had lain under that pondrous stone,
Till *Titan* once about the world had gone;
So that the Councils judgement was inforc'd
To think his soul and body were divorc'd,
Or did remain in such a languid state
He would be ready to obtemperate;
But their vain hopes the event deluded quite,
For loe the glorious Saint approach'd their sight
With so great animosity and beauty,
His graceful presence seem'd to challenge duty;
Which sight did the spectators so amaze,
That for a space they sit in mutual gaze;
But *Cæsar* fearing lest that some incline
To think the Saint preserv'd by grace Divine,
Thus with scurrility begun to speak,
Thou grand Professor of the Magick feat,
I have another tortular device
Which shall enforce thee to our Sacrifice.

You are mistaken, said the Saint again,
We Christians do abhor such arts prophane;
It is that curs'd Devil which you adore,
Upholds his honour by the Magick power;
But we that Devil and all his arts despise,
Much less will tender him our sacrifice,

Or be enforced to commit such evil
By any servant of that hateful Devil;
And know great *Cæsar*, that for Jesus sake,
I shall your torturing grooms defatigate.
Well, said the Tyrant, and I shall provide
Such kind of tortures for thee to abide,
Shall strow thy mangled limbs to Crows and Kites,
And spare thy Coffin and thy Funeral rites;
Go Rack-masters, fetch from your crimson School
The sharpest tortures for this Christian fool;
At which command they brought a pondrous wheel,
All circumdented with huge knives of steel,
Which engine was the dreadfullest that yet
Invented was by any tyrants wit,
And on this wheel extens'd by feet and hands,
St. *George* was laid fast manicled in bands;
And here brave *English*, if you wish to see
A perfect type of magnanimity,
Come and attend your noble Patrons story,
For here are combats of the greatest glory,
For all St. *George* his great exploits in War,
To this Heroick act but may-games are;
For never did pale death in form appear
So full of horror as this Ensign here;
Nor with less fear did ever mortal wight
Confront such danger, then our valiant Knight,

Who

Who on this wheel doth lye with pleaſant cheer,
As if that wheel ſome bed of Roſes were,
Whilſt now the turning of that rotal maſs,
Doth by the bloody knives ſo grind and gaſh
The holy Martyr, through each ſide and limb,
That the ſpectators loath'd to look on him,
And were enforced to divert their eyes
With deteſtation of thoſe butcheries;
And *Diocleſian* judging him quite ſlain,
Glorying in his revenge, departs again;
But ſcarce this Tyrant left the blood-goar'd ground,
When from the Heavens a great and fearful ſound
Break through the Airy regions with huge noiſe,
And to the Martyr did tranſport this voice;
Be conſtant *George* in witneſſing my Name,
For thy Confeſſion many ſouls muſt gain,
Which by thy paſſions muſt enlightned be,
And at my Altars come to honour me;
And when this great and fearful voice was done,
An Angel came in glory like the Sun,
And the bleſt Martyr from the wheel unbound,
And cloſed up again each gaping wound,
Reſolidating every broken limb,
That not one fraction did appear in him;
And reſanated thus by heavenly power,
The Saint ſtood ready ſtill to ſuffer more;

The

T' amazed gazers at this ſtrange oſtent,
Like marble Statues all ſit conticent;
But one of thoſe with whoſe diſtracted ſence
This glorious wonder did at laſt diſpence,
Went to call back the Emperor again,
From ſacrificing to his gods prophane;
At whoſe return, ſight of St. *George* reſtor'd
To perfect health, like knives his boſom goar'd;
His eyes like *bifrons* Janus rouled he,
Scarce truſting them in things he loath'd to ſee;
But as he fluctuates thus, occaſions fall
Of newer griefs to torture him withal;
Two reverent Councellors, whoſe white hair'd ſcalps
Might vie their candor with the ſnow crown'd Alps,
Prudent as thoſe which in *Romes* Senate ſit,
When *Conſtantine* the great firſt Lorded it,
Reſolv'd to throw Natures long Leaſes in,
And Martyrs crowns with their ſhort lives to win,
In the fierce Tyrants preſence did appear,
And theſe bold words preſented to his ear:
Why doth obdurate *Cæſar* vail his eyes,
When gratious Heavens do thus miraculize;
Deſiſt great Monarch from your bloody ſpight,
You do in vain againſt Chriſt Jeſus fight;
For if the Chriſtian Faith tranſgreſs your Laws,
Our lives are ready to maintain that Cauſe:

Which

Which words from reverence ſpoke, and heavenly grace,
Threw ſuch confuſion in the Tyrants face,
That this grim Tyrants Diabolick ſtate
No *Radamanthus* can equiparate;
His mouth a Mortar-piece did beſt reſemble,
His words Granadoes-like made all to tremble,
And in revenge made his unreverent Grooms
Behead thoſe reverent Martyrs without dooms;
But loe Gods vineyard with more glory grows,
When on her Vines ſome ſtormy tempeſt blows;
For as theſe Martyrs paſs'd to joys Divine,
Behold another would their number trine;
For to the preſence the great Empreſs preſs'd,
And with bold zeal the Chriſtian faith confeſt;
Which words from her did pierce the Tyrant through
Like arrows, ſent from vext *Diana*'s bow;
But leſt her words his rage ſhould more inſence,
Magnentius did by force convey her thence;
Yet though her purpoſe he did thus reſtrain,
Her lives bold tender did inroul her Name
In Heavens great Regiſter, and was to be
Commartyriz'd with St. *George* by Gods decree,
Shown by the laſt concluſion of this ſtory,
To both their honours and eternal glory;
But now the Jaylor and his bloody men,
Injayl'd St. *George* within a ſordid Den,

The

The Mort-house where grim deaths Artillery lay,
Where many groaning souls took leave of day;
But loe th' effect of *Esaiahs* Prophesie,
Go down into a house of earth, said he,
And in that solitude thou shalt have given,
Delightful soliques from gratious Heaven,
For here the Holy Ghost on him conferr'd
Those comforts are in Princes Courts debar'd.
But now whilst *Cæsar* did revolve his brains
How to torment St. *George* with deadlier pains,
Some Hellish Salamander did inspire
His hot ubiqueous brain to chuse the fire,
Which like to *Lucifers* just agent he
Put into practice expeditiously,
And bid his Grooms so great a Lime-pit make
As the profundity made all men quake;
For like *Joves* oak this flaming element
Was both in depth and height equivalent;
These flames did pass that *Babylonian* fire,
Which forty cubits did in height aspire,
And being proud with too much fuels force,
Strove even to sindge the wings of *Titans* Horse,
That well by just resemblance it might warn,
The guilty Tyrant of the deep Avern;
And now the *Romans* flock both young and old
In numerous crouds this Furnace to behold,

That

That ſcarce the fire which cinderiz'd *Troys* Town,
Had more ſpectators then theſe fires of *Rome*,
About the which all circularly ſtanding
In ſpatious diſtance, *Cæſar* ſo commanding,
Behold St. *George*, led with an armed Guard,
Came for to ſee what *Cæſar* had prepar'd;
A ſpectacle which the ſpectators frighted,
Yet this undaunted Champion much delighted;
For his undoubted Creed to him did tell,
Before Chriſt entred Heaven, he entred Hell;
And therefore entering this flaming Pit,
Was made more perfect type of Chriſt by it;
For the far greater flames of heavenly love
Imboſom'd in this Martyr from above,
Made theſe exterior flames his eyes delight,
As Sun-beams do the frigid *Muſcovite*,
That ſcarce his obvious footſteps could refrain
From leaping into that voracious flame;
Which ſight the Tyrant with ſuch grief poſſeſt,
That inward rage made Bon-fires in his breſt,
And did exclaim his tardy Grooms, did not
The holy Martyr in the furnace put,
Which they performing ceaſe not for to throw
Huge heaps of Lime-ſtone on the Saint below:
O how the conquering Church by this thy flame
Moſt ſacred Marty, rwon eternal fame!

This fires sublime and flaming rutilance
The Churches glory did as far advance,
As where cold ice doth glaze salt *Neptunes* breast,
And where hot *Titan* fires the Phenix nest;
And these great tortures which St. *George* did take
With patience for his dear Redeemers sake,
And these so great and many wonders he
Did in defence of Christianity,
Made this Saints life of such a great esteem
With him which wore the triple Diadem,
That when our *Englisb* King did go to *Rome*
To visit him which sits in *Peters* room,
The *Pope* thought then he had no nobler thing
For to present unto our *Englisb* King,
Then this Saints heart put in a golden Urn,
With which his Majesty did back return;
But vexed *Pluto* raging for to see
This *Englisb* King's great zeal and piety,
With *Æolus* and *Neptune* both compact
To have that Royal Relick-bearer wrackt,
And 'twixt these two inexorable gods,
Did spread such malice and pernicious odds,
That angry *Æolus* in deep disdain
Plow'd up the Champion of the Ocean Plain
With lofty ridges which did kiss the skie,
And furrows which laid bare the scaly fry:

In

In brief, that time the fierce *Leviathan*
Turn'd upside down the boyling Ocean;
The Seas and Pilots were at noiseful strife,
And all the Navy quite dispair'd of life;
The pious King to Heaven made his address,
And praying to St. *George* for intercess,
Heavens in a moments time did counter-trench
The vast vaults of the wind Gods flatulence,
Who swaging his swoln cheeks doth but suspire
To pacifie *Jehovahs* kindled ire;
And *Neptune* disadvancing trisulk yields
To smooth the surface of his azure fields;
Th' amazed Seamen wondring much from whence
Proceeded such a sacred indulgence,
Erected all their sail and joyful pass
To see the Sea become their looking-glass;
The King return'd, for this strange preservation,
Did chuse St. *George* for Patron of our Nation,
And with great reverence kept St. *George* his heart,
As *Jews* the rod of *Moses* in the Ark;
But lest Phanaticks ignorant and bold,
Sufflate with malice at my Verses scold,
Th' authority of Scripture shall decide
What sacred power in Relicks doth abide;
Had not the Handkerchief of great St. *Paul*
A sacred power to cure diseases all?

Did not St. *Peters* ſhadow do the ſame,
And cur'd as many as within it came?
And once the *Jeruſalemites* did bear
A certain dead man to his Sepulcher,
Without the Walls the Scouts returning, ſaid,
The enemies approach'd, whereat diſmaid,
They laid the dead man in a cave of ſtones
Upon the Prophet *Eliſeus* bones;
And that ſame Scripture clearly doth explain,
The Prophets bones rais'd the dead man again,
And that ſame dead man did walk back with them
As their Sodalie to *Jeruſalem*.
But pardon, Reader, my digreſſion here,
It was my zeal unto my Patron dear;
And now to him I muſt return again,
Strongly inclos'd within that ſcorching flame,
Wherein remained now this flower of Knights,
Till Sun and Moon gave their alternate lights;
After which time the Tyrants rage begun
To wiſh his lingering Tragedy was done,
And willing to be freed from further doubt,
Commands his Grooms to ſeek his Relicks out,
And to intrench them deeper in the ſtones,
That ſo the fire might pulverize his bones;
At which command his Grooms did run apace,
All interenvious each of others grace,

Striving

Striving who firſt ſhould lend their grateful breath
To tell their great Lord of St. *George* his death,
Whilſt *Romans* novelous to know his fate,
Theſe bloody Vaſſals all concomitate;
But loe theſe ſearchers find this Heaven-dear Knight
Safe, and environ'd with ſo great a light,
That he might well after his tridian pain,
Reſemble Chriſt return'd from Hell again;
Whilſt gazing *Romans* his bright glory fear
Like *Pilates* watch-men of the Sepulcher;
But one of thoſe ſpectators quickly went
T' acquaint the Tyrant with this accident;
Which news unto inraged Tyrants ear;
More obſonant and more confounding were
Then *Jeroboams* wives unwelcom breath,
Telling the King that God pronounc'd his death;
And with a poyſon ſwell'd the Tyrants veins,
To ſee the Saint ſcorn his revengeleſs flames;
And ſending for St. *George* he thus begins;
Vile Wretch, thou ſeeſt what ſtupendious things
Our potent gods have ſhown thy worthleſs eyes
For to attract thee to their ſacrifice:
To whom St. *George* moſt boldly ſaid again,
Cæſar, your gods are impotent and vain,
And cannot ſave by all their helliſh powers,
Themſelves nor others from ſuch fiery ſhowers;

But

But Christ that powerful God we Christians serve,
Can thus his servants from these flames preserve:
George, said the Tyrant, Christ long since did die;
What power can rest in frail mortality?
To whom the valiant Martyr thus reply'd,
Those sacred Writs which tell you Jesus dy'd,
Do tell you he is God and rose again,
And doth in power and glory now remain;
Either to all that Scripture credit give,
Or all that sacred Scripture misbelieve:
Thus did the clearness of the cause prevent
The wrangling Tyrant of all argument;
Yet he in obstinacy passed all
Those wilful men like wild beasts, which St. *Paul*
Fought with at *Ephesus*, and did supply
His want of reason thus with Tyranny;
Here Rack-masters, put you upon his feet
Hot shoes of iron which do glow with heat,
And then with sharpest and most cruel whips,
Reduce this frantick Christian to his wits;
Which said, those slaves discharge their vile commission
With such abusive rage and expedition,
That if there be but Farriers in Hells forge,
These sure were they set shoes upon St. *George*,
And those Hells *Bedlam* Beadles thither sent
From *Pluto's* Bridewel, thus to scourge this Saint;

For

For ſuch remorſleſs ſtripes they laid on him,
As wholly purpurate his argent skin,
And with their whips aſperſion foully ſtain
The ruthful gazers ſtanding in each lane;
Yet all theſe ſtrokes of their revengeful fire,
Like ſteels upon this flint of faith ſtruck fire,
Which did his ſacred zeal ſo much inflame
To ſhed his blood for Jeſus Chriſt his Name,
That ſcarce that Unction pour'd on *Saul* his head,
Which regified the perſon where it ſpread,
Pleas'd him as pleas'd St. *George* the pouring down
Of this red Unction of the Martyrs crown;
But now St. *George* whipt to the priſon door,
The rigid Jaylor executes his power,
And in a tenebrous and ſquallid grate
The Pearl of Chriſtians doth incarcerate;
Yet in that loathſom dormitory he
Pernoctates with a great jucundity,
And there like wakeful *Philomel* he ſings
To Jeſus Chriſt moſt ſacred lauds and hymns;
For he was muſicks genius, though till now
My omiſſive Muſe did not his talent ſhow,
And ſung ſuch dulcid ſtrains as might conſort
With thoſe ſweet quires of the celeſtial Court,
Or with that Song the bleſſed Virgin ſung
At th' incarnation of her glorious Son;

And

And thus he ſung till *Titans* riſing beams
Strove to commerce with his celeſtial hymns;
But ſpare thy light great *Titan*; he which gave
That light to thee, infuſeth in this cave
A glory which as far ſurpaſſeth thee
As thou a taper in reſplendency;
Salute the Tyrant, who expects thy glory
To give the ſummons to his Conſiſtory;
For many hours ago he left his reſt,
Revolving how he might St. *George* infeſt,
And now ſets forward to his Council ward,
Circumplicate with his gygantick Guard,
Of which he did diſmiſs ſome Halberdeers
To bring St. *George* before his Lords and Peeres;
But when this Saint the Council-houſe did enter,
His preſence bred amazement through that center,
And with a kind of raviſhment their ſight
Was wholly fixed on this glorious Knight,
And his bold beauteous preſence they admire,
After the ſuffering of ſuch whips and fire;
But *Cæſar* looks upon his beauteous ſtate
Through ſpectacles of more indignant hate
Then that fierce ſtep-dame *Juno* did her ſon
Great *Hercules*, after his labours done;
And well in ſome reſpect that *Grecians* ſtory
Doth here configurate our Martyrs glory;

For

For more they ſtrive his perſon to confound,
With health and beauty doth it more abound;
Which *Cæſar* noting chang'd his ſtormy guize,
And like a ſerpent thus did ſubtilize,
Ceaſe *George* at laſt the Crucifi'd to follow,
Become th' adorant of our great *Apollo*,
And reaſſume thy place and former ſtate,
And all our *quondam* love redintigrate.
Great Prince, ſaid he, your love condition'd ſo,
Though much I prize it, I muſt needs forgo,
And much I muſe ſuch wonders ſhown your eyes,
You monitate ſuch groſs inſanities;
What man can ſo infatuated be,
Not to diſcern your vain idolatry,
How that *Apollo* which you call Divine,
Is but a Devil, doth in that ſtock inſhrine?
Rather your ſelf, great *Cæſar*, him adore,
Whoſe all compriſing uncompriſed power
Doth bind thoſe Devils which you call gods in chains,
Tormenting them with great and dateleſs pains;
Which words the bloody Tyrants boſom gore,
As Hunters darts the vineyard ſpoyling Bore,
That he was ready to forſake his Throne,
Amongſt his torturing Vaſſals to make one;
But low a ſower-fac'd Groom whoſe countenance grim,
Shew'd all the Dog-ſtars had conſtel'd in him,

Born under *Vrſa major*, which baſe ſign
Did his baſe nature unto blood incline,
Intrudes himſelf, and ſmote the Martyrs face,
To bring himſelf ſo into *Cæſars* grace;
But yet this ſlave the baſſage of mankind,
Nothing at all had *Cæſars* wrath declind;
This poor revengement far too ſhort did fall
T' appeaſe a rage ſo rank and radical;
He made his ſlaves ſcourge him with leathern thongs,
Till they delacerate the fleſh from bones;
So that th' excoriated Martyr ſtood
Like one anatomiz'd, imbru'd with blood;
Or, as if great St. *Bartholomew* new ſlain
In his carnation hew appear'd to them;
Yet without all complaint or ſervile fear,
St. *George* doth all thoſe cruel torments bear;
Nor once his eyes ſerenity doth cloud
With any frown or ſupercilious ſhrowd;
But the fierce Tyrant looked grim and skowling,
As *Cerb'rus* when he frights the Ghoſts with howling;
Whereat the ſilent gazers ſit a ſpace,
Like Planet-ſtruck at this ſtupendious caſe;
But *Cæſar* then for a Magician ſent,
Who promiſed the Tyrant to invent
A drench which ſhould conclude his life with groans,
And deadly tortures both of fleſh and bones;

Which Potion quickly they to him did give,
But in despight of it the Saint did live;
Then the Magician said, that God above
Sure gives thee great endearments of his love,
Or how could thy frail flesh have undergon
Such tortures as confound the lookers on?
If Christ be God, as thou dost say indeed,
Do some great wonder to gain general creed;
Call from the earth some dead man up again,
And give him life and form in Jesus Name,
And we will all with unanimity
Confess there is no other God but he;
To whom the glorious Martyr said again,
You bloody favourites of *Cæsars* train
Which have Tragedians been so many times,
Conscelerated in his sanguine crimes,
Would not believe, although the dusty dead
Should give you warning of your deep misdeed;
The various wonders God hath shown your eyes,
Had turned *Pharoah* to repentant cryes,
Yet hoping some who conscious in th' offence
Of ignorance, and not malevolence,
May by the deads resuscitation see
That Christ alone is the true Deity;
I hope I shall that favour impetrate
T' invest the dusty dead with vital shape:

Which ſaid, he humbly proſtrates on the ground,
Praying to Chriſt with piety profound,
Till trembling *Tellus* did begin to gape,
As if ſhe would her ſelf deviſcerate,
Whilſt from her jaws St. *George* a man did call,
Whoſe lively form did perſonate King *Saul*;
At which prodigious ſight the *Roman* crouds
Extoll'd the power of Jeſus to the clouds,
And with opprobrious words did ſignifie
Their great contempt of all idolatry;
But hear my Muſe engage thy faculties
The Tyrants fury to characterize,
That black Lord of th'infernal ſulpherous flames,
When *Hercules* knock'd out his Porters brains,
Was but his type, nor greater rage did throw
Upon Gods Saints, then did this Tyrant do;
Their mutual malice and inveterate hate,
Cæſar and Satan both concatenate;
Such friends as *Pilate* and falſe *Herod* were
Againſt the Lord of life when he liv'd here;
So that in deeds and tortures it is clear,
Cæſar and Satan both conſatal were,
And both alike did brook thoſe joyful cryes
As ſhow'd by rageful rabuloſities,
Which were ſo obſonant to every ear,
That never Chriſtian like to them did hear;

Blaſphemous *Julian* and that *Philiſtine*
Which was corrected by King *Davids* ſling,
And thoſe great builders of old *Babels* Tower,
Which breath'd defiance againſt th'Almighties power,
Might plead their blaſphemies but venial ſin,
Had they compar'd with *Dioeleſian* been;
But when his tongues felliſluence had ſpent
What Satan his Dictator could invent,
Loathing St. *George* his preſence, he commands
His Grooms to whip him with impetuous hands,
Unto a Dungeon which grim *Pluto* might
For depth and horror challenge for his right,
Or elſe the Cloſet which he did aſſign
Unto his Dam the ſnakie Proſerpine;
But loe th' effect of *Davids* Propheſie,
That earths Abiſms ſhould Jeſus glorifie;
For hither crouds of Convertites reſort,
Drawn by his famous miracles report,
Which by St. *George* his preaching unto them
By multitudes converted ſouls became,
'Mongſt whom was one *Glicerius* dull and rude,
But compleat in the gift of fortitude;
Whilſt this Georgick Groom purſued his toyl,
His Ox fell dead in plowing of the ſoyl,
Which loſs did much depauperate the Swain,
Becauſe his tillage did his Houſe maintain;

Wherefore

Wherefore in haſte he to the Martyr went.
With earneſt ſute, but little complement,
And pray'd him of his charity redreſs,
His grievous chance and indigent diſtreſs;
St. *George* the loſs commiſerating much,
Which did this rural Swain ſo nearly touch,
And well diſcerning the great confidence
Which he repos'd in Chriſts Omnipotence,
Said, *Glicery*, believe in Jeſus Name,
And be aſſur'd thy Ox ſhall live again;
The man return'd and finding him alive,
Continual thanks did unto Jeſus give,
Who uſeth much his ſervants to convert
By miracles conforting to their Art;
The draught of fiſh Chriſt bid St. *Peter* draw,
Confirm'd that Fiſher-man in Chriſtian Law;
When priſon doors unlock'd themſelves to *Paul*,
Converted Jaylors at his feet did fall;
And now this Ox rais'd by Chriſts power again,
Made the bold Plow-man to confeſs Chriſts Name,
For which through *Cæſars* cruelties he try'd
A world of tortures, and with honour dy'd;
Loe not the Heralds book, Heavens Regiſters
Should guide the Writers of mens characters;
For here you ſee this Groom with life's expence
Nobly maintain'd the Churches eminence,

Whilſt

Whilſt there ſtood by him many a Lord and Peer,
Who durſt not Chriſt confeſs through ſlaviſh fear:
But now I leave this bleſſed Convertite,
And of St. *George* his great Converter write,
Who faſt inclos'd in his dark Conditory,
Was ſought out by the King of endleſs glory,
Who with his preſence made that den of night
Competitor with heaven it ſelf for light;
O wondrous thing that mortal man can move
The great Almighty thus to Court his love,
And like *Pigmalion*, but with ſacred flame,
To fall in love with what his hands did frame!
Surely the Angels, were they not Divine,
Might at theſe graces to St. *George* repine,
That none of them might this embaſſage bring,
Or internunciate 'twixt their Lord and him,
But that himſelf muſt thus come viſit men,
Both in the High-ways and in dirty den,
As witneſs both St. *Paul*, this Martyr here,
And many moe to whom he did appear;
But Jeſus now to make his love more known,
Set on St. *George* his head a glorious Crown,
And thus pours out his moſt immenſe affection,
Be conſtant *George* I will be thy protection;
Loſe not the glorious place prepar'd for thee,
With tortures, terror or timidity.

To

To whom the proſtrate Martyr thus replies,
My ſoul abhorreth ſuch Apoſtacies;
I am reſolv'd t' obtain the Martyrs crown,
Were it to ſuffer till the day of Doom;
But Lord, my frailty is well known to thee,
Support ſweet Jeſus my proclivity;
Thus Chriſt his Saint left in that nightful place,
But all illuminate with heavenly grace.

But *Cæſars* grief ſticks to him more and more,
Like to the burning ſhirt *Alcides* wore,
Vexing to ſee the Saint his malice ſcorns,
As Hunters *Acteons* long revengeleſs horns,
And ſtill his griefs do ſtick unto his heart,
Until he can the glorious Saint pervert,
Which to effect he now puts confidence
In gratious uſage and blandiloquence;
No hour doth paſs, but *Cæſar* to him ſends
Great viſitants to tender his commends;
No more do his contracted brows look grim,
But gratious countenance reflect on him;
Now he commends unto the Jaylors care,
To ſerve the Saint with all delicious fare,
And to omit no diligence therein,
To notifie his change of love to him;
All which being done, *Cæſar* in Council-Hall,
Inthron'd amongſt his Lords and Princes all,

Sent

Sent for St. *George*, and gracing him far more
With all reſpects of honour then before,
Beſpoke him thus; *George*, thy undaunted ſpirit
Hath gain'd ſo great opinion of thy merit,
That if thou wouldſt a little condeſcend,
Thou ſhouldſt be *Cæſars* chief and only friend,
And all thoſe honours thou poſſeſt of late,
Our bounteous love to thee ſhall triplicate;
Be prudent then, it reſts now at thy pleaſure
To be an abject or a ſecond *Cæſar*:
But hereby well the Martyr underſtands
This *Syrens* ſong did bode ſome wrackful ſands,
Which to prevent, in blandant manner thus
He keeps a project ſtill ſubnubilous;
Come gratious Monarch, let us go to ſee
That ſumptuous Temple of your Deity;
Which plauſive motion ſo did *Cæſar* win,
That with embraces he emboſom'd him,
And made it by his Bell-men to be cry'd,
Apollo, conqueror of the crucifi'd;
And gave command that all his noble train
Should to *Apollo's* Temple wait on them,
So that there came a greater multitude,
Then all that ſpatious Temple could include;
Th' officious Prieſts made punctual preparation
For all things did belong to their Obla ion,

And nothing wanted now they could desire,
Except St. *George* to give th'Oblation fire,
And his approach their wishes obviates,
For loe he entred the great Temple gates,
Attended with moe eyes which came to see,
Then witnessed great *Sampsons* Tragedy;
And silence call'd, thus Heavens Commissioner
Interrogates the instatued *Lucifer.*

Apollo, I command thee let us know
If thou be that great God to whom we owe
Honour Divine and daily Sacrifice;
Be brief and speak, delude us not with lyes.

I must confess, the conscious Fiend reply'd,
There doth no power Divine in me abide;
I am of those damn'd Legions which were driven
By great St. *Michael*, from the gates of Heaven,
And we since then strive through inveterate pride
Amongst the simple to be Deifi'd;
To whom the Martyr thus reply'd again,
I charge thee Satanist here to explain,
Who is that mighty God whose dreadful power
We justly ought to honour and adore;
Christ Jesus is true God, the Fiend reply'd,
And theirs no other God indeed beside;
St. *George* said then, how Rebel to my God
Durst thou near me his servant make abode?

Which

Which powerful words did with more terror ſound
Then *Joſua*'s trumpets did, which threw to ground
The Walls of *Jerico*, for loe the Temple
From the foundation gan to ſhake and tremble,
Wherewith the Idol in ſmall parcels fell,
And with ſtrange noiſe the Fiend departs to Hell;
Th' amazed *Romans* at this accident
Were ſuddenly involv'd with wonderment,
And then with cloud delacerating cryes,
Bleſs'd Jeſus Chriſt which open'd their blind eyes;
But who can pen thoſe plenary delights
Which did poſſeſs thoſe *Roman* Converſites!
Come Muſe thou muſt thy faculties advance,
And figurate them with all exuberance;
On that bleſt *Friday*, when *Jehovahs* Son
Perform'd the work of our Redemption!
He did deſcend and opened *Limbus* gate,
And thoſe impriſon'd ſouls diſcarcerate;
What joy did that great Goal-delivery bring,
When Chriſt had cancelled our bond of ſin!
But to declare the great and fluctuous ſtrife
Of *Cæſars* breſt, no Muſe can pen to life;
He was more pinch'd and frighted with thoſe cryes,
Then *Acteon* with his hounds and horned guiſe;
His words were all with ſparks of fire repleat,
Hotter then *Vulcan* from his forges beat;

His oblique eyes did blaze with flaming fire,
And bliſtred where they look'd with rageful ire;
Such was the Tyrants grief, ſuch joy abounded
With *Romans*, when *Apollo* was confounded.
But in this Jubile the barbarous Guard
Commits the Martyr to his former Ward,
Where all *Apollo*'s Prieſts and raskal ſlaves
Diſcharge on him their hate with whips and ſtaves;
But *Cæſar* after all theſe wonders ſtill
Stood individually compact with Hell,
And ſhared both in ſorrow and confuſion
With this Averniſt in his juſt excluſion,
And for his abſence fiercely rageth ſtill,
Like *furens Hercules* on *Ætna*'s Hill;
But at the laſt *Apollo*'s deep diſgrace
Made the confounded Tyrant leave that place,
And overwhelmed with ſad diſcontent,
Unto the Palace from the Temple went,
Where his obſequious Lords their chief ſurround,
But could not balſomate his gangrend wound;
For as the wounded Whale forſakes the brine,
And to the fatal ſhore doth draw a line,
That *Engliſh* Fiſhers do find out his gate,
And with their Guns his wounds multiplicate;
So *Cæſar* fared; but why give I that name
To him that was but Satans counter-pane?

Their

Their comfort he declines, resolv'd to follow
No counsel but of his old damnd *Apollo*;
Who both confounded stand with grief and shame,
Like *Bajezet* led in his iron chain,
To have his shoulders made a footstool on
For *Tamberlane* to mount his horse upon;
And both sufflate with malice there did stand,
For to behold *Jehovahs* gratious hand
Work such great wonders for the Martyrs sake,
In all the sufferings he did undertake;
What rage and malice did those Vassals smother,
And with what oblique eyes view'd they each other!
O that some curious Limner of our age
Could purtrait them in this same very page,
To please the *Englisb* Reader of this story,
With *Cæsars* shame and their great Patrons glory!
But some which knew the nature of his sore
Was like to theirs *Achilles* Lance did gore,
To cure the same and please the Tyrants mood,
Present the Martyr all begoar'd with blood;
But to excruciate that prophane delight
This sanguinary Wolf took in this sight,
Behold the Empress *Alexandra* came,
And boldly did confess Christ Jesus Name,
Intreating of St. *George* his prayers that she
Might in the Christian faith perseverant be,

And with her tears his bloody feet did bath,
Kiſſing the wounds he ſuffered for his Faith;
Which did the hateful Tyrant ſo incenſe,
He made *Orlando*'s rage tame patience,
And ſuch flagitious blaſphemies did ſpue,
As ſainted that foul Monſter *David* ſlew,
And even with *Lucifer* might juſtly vie
Facinorous guilt for Hells ſupremacy.

But when this earths great *Lucifer* at laſt
Had his defiance againſt Jeſus caſt,
Thus he the remnant of his Helliſh hate
Againſt the Empreſs doth evaporate;
Why do not tardy Devils this ſtrumpet bear
To th' under *Bridewel*, which diſturbs us here,
And in our preſence in deſpight of us,
Doth here become ſo meretricious,
That with her tears and kiſſes ſhe doth crouch
To this Inchanter, whom we hate ſo much?
O vultuous impudence, ſpectators ſay,
Is ſhe a Woman, or ſome *Succuba*?
But ſhe no reſponſory word at all
Daign'd thoſe invectives Diabolical,
But proſtrate ſtill implores the aid Divine,
That ſhe may never from her faith decline;
But this great zeal which did her ſoul inſpire,
With vilependence of the Tyrants ire,

Put

Put his blood-thirſty heart unto more pain,
Then if ſome greedy Vulture graſp'd the ſame.
But as ſome glutton which through ſurfeit ſore
Abhors thoſe delicates he lik'd before,
Cæſar through thoſe affronts he had of late,
The Martyrs preſence did moſt deadly hate,
And gladly now would free himſelf of them,
That ſo oblivion might decreaſe his pain;
Wherefore in haſte his bloody Grooms he calls,
And bids them lead the Saints without the Walls,
And cutting off their heads, their bodies throw
Into the ditches, food for Kite and Crow;
In which imployment every Vaſſal tryes
Who ſhould exceed in their immanities,
Cutting with corded gives their tender veins,
That bloods effuſion might augment their pains;
And as they led them to th' appointed place,
Thoſe hateful Vaſſals ply'd their whips apace,
Until the bloody ſhowrs their bodies ran
The duſty wayes with ſanguine tincture ſtain;
Which dear expence of blood and tedious gate,
This Royal Empreſs did debilitate,
And her own weight her bloodleſs limbs oppreſt,
Enforcing her upon her knees to reſt,
And as a Roſe o're-ſway'd with ſhowers of rain,
Do's hang its ſweet top to the graſſy Plain,

This

This languid Lady doth her face Divine
Surcharg'd with bleeding to the ground decline,
And with her prostrate prayers her soul expires,
Receiv'd by Angels to celestial quires;
By whose departure now remained free
St. *George* from all his great anxiety,
Her souls security by loss of breath,
Doth now so much facilitate his death,
That pardon'd wretches from the Jaylors room
Went with less joy then he to Martyrdom,
Where his beheading stroke at last was given,
Whilst Angels Plaudits in the Court of Heaven
Conducted his great spirit unto rest,
Under Heavens glorious Altar ever blest,
'Mongst those great Conquerors in the Martyrs Wars,
Whose crowns are Sun beams, and their foot-stool Stars.

FINIS.

Books sold by William Crook, *at the three Bibles on* Ludgate-Hill, *near* Fleet-bridge.

THe Pillar of Gratitude, by Dr. *Gauden*.

Two Sermons preached at the Temple, by Dr. *Gauden*.

Plain Mathematician, being an Explanation of the hardest Problems in Geometry, making easie Geometrical Arithmetick, Mensuration, Dyalling, &c. and other difficulties of Geometry, by *Th. G.*

Sin Dismantled, shewing the loathsomness thereof, in laying it open by Confession, with the remedy for it by Repentance and Conversion; wherein is set forth the manner how we ought to confess our sins to God and Man, with the Consiliary Decrees from the Authority thereof, and for the shewing the necessity of Priestly Absolution, removing the disesteem the vulgar have of Absolution, setting forth the power of Ministers, &c.